



# *Femmes d'Esprit*



## *Defining Centennial*



*CNR Honors Magazine / Fall 2003 / Issue 2*



# PRESIDENT'S LETTER



THE COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE  
Office of the President

October 20, 2003

Kathryn M. Tyranski  
Editor-in-Chief  
*Femmes d'Esprit*

Dear Ms. Tyranski  
and Readers of *Femmes d'Esprit*,

I am grateful for your invitation to reflect with you on the College's Centennial.

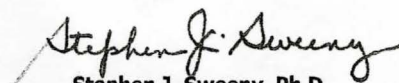
Aren't we human beings endlessly fascinating? Instead of railing against and shunning the passage of time, as would seem rational, we embrace it and celebrate it in the many forms of anniversary celebrations that we have incorporated into our lives. Of course, we recognize that celebrating the mere passage of time would be great folly. Rather, it is the quality of the remembered years that we celebrate. We pause in anniversaries to recognize the great good represented in the passage of particular years in particular circumstances. With great justification, then, we celebrate the 100 years of The College of New Rochelle as baccalaureate granting institution.

There are so many ways to describe this milestone. Perhaps most apt is simply to remember the lives touched and transformed over 100 years. I am pleased to say that more than 38,000 women (and more recently men) have earned undergraduate and graduate degrees over these years. Today, almost 6,500 students choose us as partners in their education. Again, sheer numbers say very little. But I am so very proud of the quality of our graduates. They have gone on to lead eminently successful personal and professional lives and so many are women and men of conscience and compassion.

Perhaps, most important of all in our 100 years has been this fact: the College was the gift of extraordinary women, the Ursulines. Founded by women for women, and funded by and large by women, this College, I believe, played no small part in the revolution we call "the women's movement."

We do not celebrate in this Centennial then the mere passage of time. What we celebrate are the *femmes d'esprit* over 100 years whose achievements brought us to this moment of strength. The real meaning of this Centennial for those of us who find ourselves the inhabitants of this great institution at this moment then is to follow the lead of those who have gone before. Follow the call to be *femmes d'esprit*. We pray that, with even greater enthusiasm 100 years from now, our successors will bless, not the mere passage of 200 years, but the quality of those who have constituted the community of CNR for those 200 years. Happy anniversary!

Sincerely,



Stephen J. Sweeney, Ph.D.  
President

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# CONTENTS

- 2 President's Letter  
*Stephen J. Sweeny, Ph.D.*
- 4 Director's Essay  
*Dr. Amy Bass*
- 6 A History Lesson  
*Kathryn Tyranski*
- 8 Founders Make Great Works Happen:  
Celebrating Honor's Founding  
*Jennifer Pinheiro*
- 10 What it Means to be: "The Centennial Class"  
*Kimberli Ringel-Kane*
- 11 What it Means to be: Freshmen During the Centennial  
*Sarah Worthington*
- 12 Getting Together and Celebrating
- 14 Art As Tradition  
*Sarah H. Murray*
- 15 Tradition: The Call to Anchor and Release  
*Emily D. Williams*
- 16 Before the Spin Cycle  
*Christina Simpson*
- 17 Moments  
*Alana Ruptak*
- 18 Uncertainty  
*Samantha Young*
- 20 In All Our Years  
*Ruth Santiago*

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The pages of *Femmes d'Esprit* honors the 100th Anniversary of the College of New Rochelle in two editions. This first edition, "Defining Centennial" focuses on what tradition is, why it is celebrated, and how we as people fit into tradition. The second issue of *Femmes*, "Celebrating Centennial" will be published in the Spring.

Enjoy the issue and absorb the tradition and history of The Honors Program as well as The College of New Rochelle.



# DIRECTOR'S ESSAY

Dr. Amy Bass

I have been told that all of the festivities of this academic year have nothing to do with my arrival at the College of New Rochelle, but rather are a celebration of the College's Centennial. Yet as I enthusiastically join the party, the question that continually plagues historians rears its ugly head: What does it *mean*? Many people think history is a slam dunk – if you know the answer to *when* and *who*, you've got it all down. That must be why my husband looks at me in horror when I cannot tell him who the 13<sup>th</sup> President of the United States is.

Evidently, it's Millard Fillmore. The only thing I know about Fillmore is from episode 57 (October 15, 1971) of *The Brady Bunch*: Greg brings home Kathy, who beat out Marcia for cheerleading, because Marcia has started dating Warren Mulaney, who beat Greg out for the basketball team, and in an attempt to make Marcia jealous, Greg urges Kathy to do a cheer right in the middle of the Brady living room: "F-F-FIL...L-L-LMO...O-O-ORE...FILLMORE JUNIOR HIGH!"

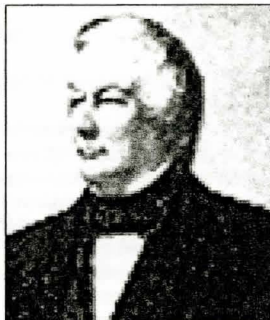
Apparently, there's more to Fillmore than that: he has his own history. According to the Internet Public Library, he was known as "The American Louis Philippe"; born on January 7, 1800 in Locke Township, New York; died in Buffalo 74 years later; was a Unitarian; had no formal education but worked as a lawyer; and married Abigail Powers on February 5, 1826 and Caroline McIntosh on February 10, 1858 (a situation that could likely stand some historical investigation!) His presidential salary was \$25,000 per year.

My new knowledge about Fillmore made me think back to graduate school, when a debate over course content took place during an advanced U.S. history field seminar. The syllabus had a decidedly cultural bent, and an elderly gentleman auditing the class had grown increasingly frustrated with it. One evening, while the class discussed William Leach's

*Land of Desire* and the impact of mass consumerism and marketing on turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century America, he blurted out, "When are we going to study the real history of America?" The professor asked what he meant. "Where are all the presidents!!?" the man exclaimed. A fairly sarcastic classmate looked at him and calmly answered, "Chester A. Arthur was president when John Wannamaker founded the first modern department store. Happy now?"

Too often, history exists merely as a group of facts. One hundred years ago, for example, alongside the founding of CNR, Wilbur Wright made his first airplane flight; Pope Pius X banned low cut dresses in the presence of churchmen; the American occupation of Cuba ended; Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" premiered in Milan; Margaret Bourke-White, Cary Grant, Dr. Seuss, and "Count" Basie, among others, were born; Queen Isabella II of Spain died; Boston's Cy Young pitched a perfect game; Helen Keller graduated from Radcliffe; a woman was arrested for smoking a cigarette in public; and Mary McLeod Bethune, the daughter of former slaves, opened the Daytona Normal and Industrial Institute for Negro Girls, a school that shared many of CNR's philosophies.

Our own centennial activities aside for a moment, this year marks another key centennial: the debut of the ice cream cone. This, however, is a centennial wrought with controversy. According to many sources, the ice cream cone made its first appearance at the St. Louis World's Fair, which also served as host to the III<sup>rd</sup> Olympic Games. Designed to celebrate the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase, which had actually taken place 101 years earlier (but who's counting?), it staged exhibits from 62 nations and 43 American states. As the (hi)story goes, on July 23, 1904, ice



<http://www.ipl.org/div/potus/mfillmore.html>

Above: Portrait of Millard Fillmore.  
Below: Portrait of Mary McLeod Bethune



<http://www.in.gov/icw/archives/bethune.html>



cream vendor Charles E. Menches ran out of dishes and sought help from Syrian immigrant Ernest Hamwi, who sold Zalabia, a crispy, wafer-like pastry, at a nearby food stand. Menches scooped the ice cream into the Zalabia, introducing the ice cream cone to the world.

Except that some argue that it was ice cream vendor Arnold Fornachou who ran out of dishes and teamed up with Hamwi, and someone named Abe Doumar maintains that he introduced the cone at the fair. Another, Mr. David Avayou, claims he heard about "cones of pastry" while in France and brought them to St. Louis. At best estimate, some 50 vendors sold ice cream in a waffle-like dish in St. Louis. Perhaps most significantly (and disturbingly), pushcart vendor Italo Marchioni claimed he sold ice cream in cones in New York City as early as 1896. Marchioni insists he invented the cone because he had lost so much money in broken glass serving dishes and actually procured a patent for a waffle mold. The patent's date? December, 1903 – some *eight months* before the St. Louis World's Fair even began. Now that is some hard historical data.

The centennial history of the ice cream cone exemplifies the problems inherent in historical investigation. While history is, indeed, full of answers to the questions *when* and *who*, it concerns much more. People often ask me (in addition to questions about presidents) what my favorite topics to teach are, and

thus I have my Nick Hornby-esque top five lectures list: Tom Paine's *Common Sense*; the birth of punk; the Harlem Renaissance; *Playboy* magazine and 1950s suburbia; and teen suicide in the 1980s. But this list, while revealing, does not speak to the moments in history that really get to me, the ones that I have a

hard time teaching: the 1968 Olympics; the hosing of protestors in Birmingham; Billie Holiday singing "Strange Fruit" at Café Society; October 25, 1986 (Game 6 of the World Series...Red Sox fans, you know who you are); and the Zoot Suit Riots. These are moments that, for one reason or another, strike an emotional chord, forcing a changed perspective on the ever-present "big picture."

History continually works in this way, and we must be careful to craft it with the understanding that it is, if nothing else, a human process. In 1828, Noah Webster famously defined it as "a narrative of events in the order in which they happened with their causes and effects." But it's a bit more complicated: history is the method of assembling *representations* of those events, representations that provide insight into a historian's own moment in time, as well as into the personality of the historian. Thus, our Centennial Celebration says as much about us today – if not more – as it does about the past 100 years, which gives us something to think about as we blow out the candles on the cake and have an ice cream cone – regardless of who invented it.



Above: Ice Cream Break!

Russell Lee, photographer, library of Congress collection



# A HISTORY LESSON

Kathryn Tyranski

Welcome to the first of two editions of *Femmes d'Esprit* that will honor The College of New Rochelle's Centennial Year. What is a centennial? That's a simple question with a complex answer. Numerically speaking, a centennial is 100 years, but what, at its heart, is the centennial itself? It probably depends on where, when, and what is being celebrated as a centennial.



With that in mind, the College of Saint Angela was chartered on June 27, 1904 by Mother Irene Gill from the Order of Saint Ursula. The College of Saint Angela was the second college exclusively for women after the founding of Georgia Female in 1839. Three months later, in September of 1904, twelve young women entered the College and four years later, in 1908 graduated.

In 1910, the College of Saint Angela switched gears and became The College of New Rochelle adopting the current seal that is still used on College publications today. The College really evolved in the early years thanks to the vision of Mother Irene Gill and the practicality of her sister, Mother Augustine Gill.



Many of the buildings on campus were built because of the vision of Mothers Irene and Augustine. Maura Hall was completed in 1913 as the first residence hall on campus. Brescia was completed in 1926, Angela in 1958, and Ursula was completed in 1962.

Many of the other buildings on campus were constructed in the early years of the College. In 1908, Chidwick was built as a gymnasium with classrooms. Chidwick is named after Monsignor Chidwick, former president of the College. The Science Building was completed in 1926. In 1932, a Sports Building stood. Today, that space is more commonly known as Chelsea Parking Lot. The Mother Irene Gill Library was completed in 1938 and more recently renovated in 2002. Rogick Hall, dedicated to Dr. Mary Rogick, a science faculty, was erected in 1969.

More recently, in 1992, the Mother Augustine Gill Dining Hall, now known as the Student Campus Center was renovated. The original dining hall was constructed in 1949.

There are so many dates and landmark places in the College's history. With the continuing guiding light and vision of the Ursulines, the College of New Rochelle has truly flourished. Enrollment in the College since the first class of twelve young women, continued to grow reaching a total enrollment of 802 in 1929.

Familiar publications like *Quarterly*, *Annales*, and *Tatler* began in the early years of the College—1905, 1911, and 1921 respectively. The Student Government Association also started in 1910.

The Honors Program at the College of New Rochelle began in 1974 and was founded by current Classics faculty, Dr. Ann Raia. Dr. Raia's vision led to the growth of the Honors Program today—an ethnically diverse, multi-talented, structured program for women of the future.

The Honors Program has undergone several changes throughout its history. The first Honors Class of '76 had six members. The most recent batch of graduates totaled at nine students. We will say goodbye to four seniors this May.

Read on for more history on the Honors Program of the College of New Rochelle as well as some history on our very own magazine, *Femmes d'Esprit*!



Photos from: The College of New Rochelle: An Extraordinary Story



*Femmes d'Esprit* was founded in 1985 as a newsletter. Newsletters were distributed since the beginning of the Honors Program in 1974. *Femmes* wasn't given its current name until 1986. The magazine has taken on many different faces as each Honors Class came to the Program and graduated. *Femmes* has had many editors over the years:

1985 - 1986: Victoria Burnham  
 1988 - 1989: Stacy Begin  
 1990: Michelle DiPoala  
 1991 - 1992: Elizabeth Shelley  
 1992 - 1993: Susan Marie Paprota  
 1994: Rachel Mason  
 1995 - 1996: Alessandra de la Vega  
 1996: Meagan Batchelder & Shiba Russell  
 1997: Megan Batchelder  
 1997: Rebecca Eller  
 1997: Jenna Sunderland  
 1998 - 1999: Jennifer Horbal  
 1999 - 2000: Denice Abatemarco, Amanda Cartagena, & Mary Job  
 2001 - 2002: Richelle Fiore, Kimberli Ringel-Kane, Heather Wilson  
 2003: Kathryn Tyranski

*Femmes* has won the National Collegiate Honors Council's Award in the National Honors Newsletter Contest twice in 1996 and 1999. As I'm sure you can see, *Femmes* is an amazing publication created by and for Honors Students. The following is an archived article from the December 1994 *Femmes d'Esprit*, which honored the 20th Anniversary of the Honors Program.

### Honors Esteems CNR Rachel Mason

The College of New Rochelle closes its 90th anniversary year not in triumph and victory but in question and concern for survival. CNR shares this anniversary year with the honors program, a constant at CNR for the past 20 years. Just as CNR strives to review and re-stratify its goals, the honors program aims to re-evaluate its connection within the total

CNR experience. The honors program is a strong asset to CNR which challenges students to make connected across the board as each individual pursues academic excellence. However, the challenge presented to the honors program as well as CNR is survival in regard to spirit, values, tradition and vision.

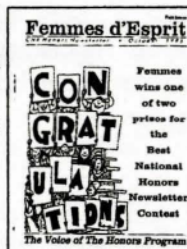
In order for the honors program to continue, CNR itself must prosper and meet the standards of academic institutions in this ever-changing society while developing a sense of academic uniqueness. Therefore, the honors program must esteem CNR as a vessel that each program and department appreciates. Spirit engenders enthusiasm and desire to perpetuate "a good thing."

Dr. Barbara McManus is a living connection between CNR and the honors program as both an alum and a professor. At the Honors Convocation, she demonstrated her pride in support of CNR, placing particular emphasis upon people that make the institution especially the students.

In her speech, at the Honors Convocation on November 5th, McManus said, "By its very nature CNR was different, for it was an education institution that took women seriously. We were taught by excellent role models, many of them women who were highly educated and accomplished. And we, the students, were all women, treated by the faculty (men and women alike) as aspiring scholars." CNR encourages women to be successful in a patriarchal society. This exemplifies only one values the school is committed to. CNR also values its religious heritage, diversity, and effective pedagogical practices in teaching.

Therefore, traditions reflect the respect CNR has had for its beginnings. However, more importantly, CNR's traditional celebrations express the devotion CNR has to its values. As time changes, so does the way our values are expressed; yet, the integrity of the concept is maintained. For example, the junior ring ceremony at CNR has shifted its focus from presentation of the rings to a celebra-

*Continued on page 19*



Photos: Scanned by K. Tyranski from various copies of *Femmes* throughout the years.



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## FOUNDERS MAKE GREAT WORKS HAPPEN : CELEBRATING HONOR'S FOUNDING

Jennifer Pinheiro

Just do it! This was more than just a Nike slogan. It is a way to act and live for many people and especially those people who make differences in many lives. Unbeknownst to these leaders or during the Centennial Year, these founders of CNR changed lives for the better and enrich souls, especially those who resided and/or currently reside at the College of New Rochelle.

Last week on October 23, 2003, we, as a College celebrated Founder's Day and dedicated a statue to St. Angela Merici, the founder of the Ursuline Order. When the library reopened in 2002, we rededicated it to Mother Irene Gill, the founder of the College of New Rochelle. Unfortunately, CNR forgot one more important founder, Dr. Ann Raia, Associate Professor of Classics and Founder of the Honors Program.

Dr. Ann Raia began teaching Classics at the College of New Rochelle in 1964 after receiving her doctorate from Fordham University. In 1973 she collaborated with the Dean of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Katherine Henderson in creating the opportunity for students to challenge themselves by engaging in independent studies and exploring their

interests at a more vigorous pace. She did this because she "thought some of the brightest students weren't being challenged in classrooms and that an Honors Program for independent study for creative, curious, and highly motivated CNR students was needed for the curriculum." Since the founding of the Honors Program, many students have helped to create independent studies, have been placed in quality internships, have pondered philosophical questions in Honors seminars, and have participated in National Collegiate Honors Council Conferences. All of these things would not have been possible without Dr. Raia and the professors of the Honors Program.

When asked about the Honors Program, Dr. Raia responded thoughtfully with a piece of advice,

*"I am richer for having been a member of the Program. It has put me in touch with people I might never have met, both on and off campus, as I worked at shared tasks that has little to do with self-interest. Through these projects, in community, on committees, and in organizations, I learned by doing and collaborating how to be an Honors Director. Not all of my*

*lessons were easy or pleasant, nor was I equally successful at all of my tasks, but I learned to take risks to work with what I had and to the best of my ability, and to accept the outcome of my efforts with satisfaction, in the hope that I would have the opportunity to apply what I had learned the hard way to the next problem."*

Unfortunately, Dr. Raia resigned from her position as the Honors Director in 2001 in order to devote more time to teaching Classics. This is truly a loss to all the current Honor's students, who did not have the joy of learning from Dr. Raia. Currently, I am the only active Classics major at the College of New Rochelle, I believe that no one, especially Honors students, should leave the College without taking one of her classes. She is very energetic, vibrant, and extremely challenging, especially at 9:30 in the morning, but students receive a vast amount of knowledge from each and every class time spent in her presence. Dr. Raia has a teaching style that captivates her audience and she doesn't believe in mindless learning. She requires each and every one of her students to analyze and to evaluate texts and lessons to life as a



whole. She believes in using all the senses from sight, when her class visited the Cloisters, to sound, when she played monastic chants in the background of class. She cares about each one of her students and does not let anyone fall behind, which is shown through her 9:37 a.m. wake-up calls if one is late for her 9:35 a.m. class. Dr. Raia is arguably one of the best teachers at the College of New Rochelle, and it is a shame that she teaches a major with so few people. Luckily she will teach an Honor's seminar next year on Greek Tragedy.

In a closing response to the thought upcoming years and the prior mission of the Honor's Program, Dr. Raia shared:

"In January 2004 the Honors Program will celebrate its 30th anniversary. As I look around me I think of how different attitudes to the Program are today from its founding, when it had to prove itself to skeptics and defend

itself from the charge of elitism, even from faculty. Over the years Honors students have demonstrated their readiness to take academic risks in pursuit of their educational goals, their willingness to participate in communities outside the Program, on and off campus, their generosity of time and talents, their enthusiasm for the diverse challenges of Honors education at CNR. And faculty have responded to their activism, their

the next 30 years of successful Honoring!"

Therefore, heed the words of famous founders such as St. Angela Merici, who said, "Do something, get moving, be confident, risk new things, stick with it, get on your knees, then be ready for big surprises." Also listen to the advice of the unfounded founders like Dr. Raia, who said, "Not all of my lessons were easy or pleasant, nor was I

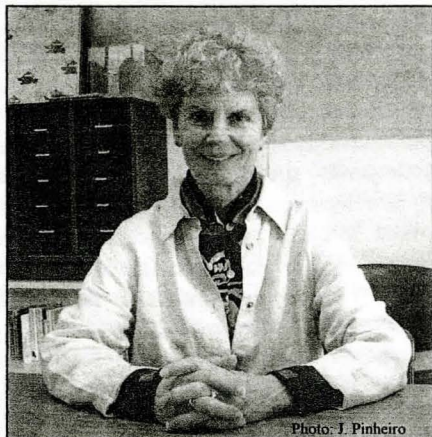


Photo: J. Pinheiro

*"Not all of my lessons were easy or pleasant, nor was I equally successful at all of my tasks, but I learned to take risks to work..."*

- Dr. Ann Raia

Left: Dr. Ann Raia, Foundress of the Honors Program

equally successful at all of my tasks, but I learned to take risks to work with what I had and to the

energy, their excitement for learning by serving as mentors and by creating new learning experiences with them which benefited the entire college community. As I sit in the audience today, at last out of the coaching box, I find myself filled with admiration for the commitment, creativity, and achievements of our Honors students and for the promising talents of the Honors Director, Dr. Amy Bass. Here's to

best of my ability, and to accept the outcome of my efforts with satisfaction, in the hope that I would have the opportunity to apply what I had learned the hard way to the next problem." Both founders in the end created great institutions, touched many lives, and did something meaningful during their lives.



## WHAT IT MEANS TO BE : "THE CENTENNIAL CLASS"

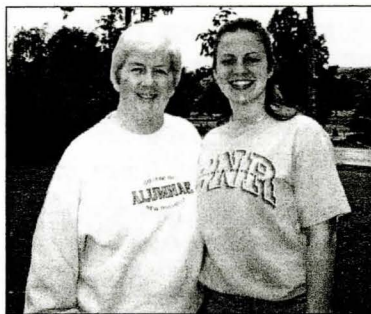
Kimberli Ringel-Kane

For many of us graduating from CNR in 2004, we remember not too long ago carrying the label of "The Millennium Class." Here we are four years later with yet another title, the Centennial Class. Exactly one hundred years ago The College of New Rochelle first opened its doors to twelve young ambitious women in pursuit of an education. The first Catholic college for women in New York State, CNR was founded by the Order of St. Ursula. Over the past one hundred years The College of New Rochelle has grown tremendously into four schools, six campuses, and 6,800 very unique and diversified students.

There have been many who walked before us, and many who will walk after, some of whom are our loved ones and many more we never knew and will never know. However, the fact still remains that we all share one similarity, we believe in the power of education for women. The College of New Rochelle was founded in a time when women did not have the right to vote; many said that the College would fail and have to close its doors. Yet here we are one hundred years later going strong, changing with the times of technology and proving that education of women is an important concept that we as a society should embrace.

But what does it truly mean to be the Centennial Class? How is it an honor? What does it entail? Is it more than just a mere title?

Being the Centennial Class is



Kimberli and her grandmother, who also attended CNR. Kimberli will be wearing her grandmother's graduation robe at her own graduation this May.

From the collection of Kimberli Ringel-Kane

more than just receiving the privilege of going to fancy dinners, attending special convocations, and hosting distinctive events; it is being a part of history, knowing that there are thousands of other women in whose footsteps you are following. It is believing in what our Ursuline founders believed in, carrying their mission with us as we complete our years at the College. It is proving that no one gender or race is superior, we are all equal and deserve the same opportunities.

The honor of being considered the Centennial Class is one of high stature. You are at the center of a great accomplishment for the College and a part of an enormous milestone. You have underclassmen and women looking up to you as a role model, and administrators, faculty and staff looking at you as the product of their hard work and dedication. As the old saying goes, "all eyes are on you."

Graduating in the Centennial

year involves so many wonderful events, from The President's Circle Dinner to the Opening Convocation and Liturgy and even a special production of *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. It is an extraordinary feeling knowing that you represent such a magnificent accomplishment.

The title "The Centennial Class" is more than just a mere label for the Class of 2004. It sincerely connects us as a graduating class with the history and achievement of all the classes before us. We know and understand how many people it took and how hard they had to work for us to be able to walk across that stage in May. We realize and appreciate the dedication that had to go into every single year since the College's founding for us to make it this far. We look around at all the proud faces surrounding us and think, "wow, this is not something that every college student is able to experience." It is an extremely distinctive privilege, one that becomes a part of us, a part of who we are, and a part of our personal history here at CNR.

So, we would like to thank you, you who graduated before us, you who devoted your lives to the College, you who believe in education for women, and especially you who were the first twelve women to enroll here. From the Class of 2004, the Centennial Class, we thank you for making our dreams and our lives possible.



## WHAT IT MEANS TO BE : FRESHMEN DURING THE CENTENNIAL

Sarah Worthington

Before I became a student here, I had the opportunity to take a tour of the campus. My favorite building by far was the Gill Library. There are a few different reasons why I liked it so much, but one in particular is that it is a combination of old and new. The actual building, almost a century old, while the inside was just completed a few years ago. This mingling of old and new, tradition and a fresh start, embodies the feelings of freshmen who are new to the campus. Anniversaries come and go constantly, but a centennial is a special time to take note of the years that have gone by, and the evolution that has occurred.

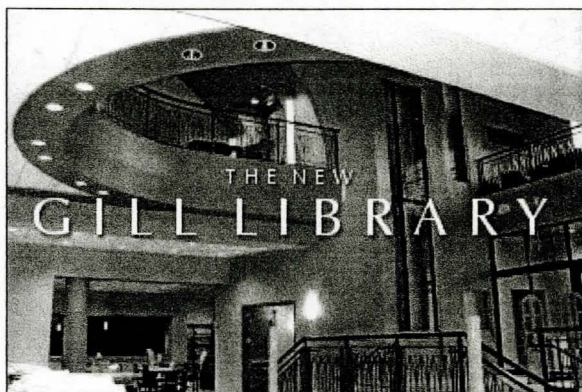
Opposite the circulation desk is a display that serves as a window into the past. It showcases the newest and oldest publications and student photographs at CNR. It is amazing to look at photographs and see how the College has changed, and it is even more amazing to examine how it has stayed the same. Throughout one hundred years, the College still retains the mission of educating young women, and its tradition of serving the community of New Rochelle. As new freshmen, the Class of 2007 has the unique opportunity to participate in Centennial events happening around campus.

Tuesday, September 2<sup>nd</sup>, was the first day that the Class of 2007, had the opportunity to participate in CNR traditions. We were served breakfast in the parlor of Leland Castle, welcomed to the College with a formal Convocation, another long-standing CNR tradition, and then invited to the Deans' recep-

tion in the afternoon. It was a wonderful experience in which we got to know each other, and were introduced to the caring and hospitable nature of the College.

The freshmen learn a lot from the upperclassmen; from how to make the perfect waffle to how to throw the Honors Holiday party. The upperclassmen are helpful and patient with us, perhaps because they remember so distinctly everything we are experiencing. They will also gradually pass onto us the responsibility of running all the clubs and organizations on campus. There is an ongoing continuum of teaching and learning being exchanged all the time. This creates a tremendous sense of interconnectedness between current students to one another, and current students to the students of the past. Traditions that are celebrated every year help to ensure that continuity, and they bind us closer together.

Obviously, there have been major shifts in thinking since the first class at CNR graduated in 1904, but many of the same traditions still exist. Perhaps what we learn most from the Centennial is that the unique history of the College is as unique as each individual who goes here. The values the College was founded on are still present in the thoughts of current students and staff, and that says a lot. As we celebrate the Centennial, we can be assured of the promise of another great century together here at CNR.



www.cnr.edu/library.htm



Above: The Class of 1908, CNR's first graduating class.  
Left: Gill Library Foyer



## GETTING TOGETHER & CELEBRATING



On Wednesday, October 1, 2003 the English Department at the College of New Rochelle hosted a Tea Party in the Castle's Rose Garden. Students from across campus were invited to take part in an afternoon of delight. Participants at the event were encouraged to read poetry, sing, act, or play a musical instrument, and of course....have tea! Some students and faculty came dressed as their favorite character from literature. Honors students from across the classes came and partook in the festivities.



A week later, on October 8, 2003 the Honors Sophomores threw a Pizza Social for the Honors Freshmen in the Honors Center in the Castle. While there, the Sopho-



*Counter Clockwise from top:* Sarah Murray '07 & Nada Ebrahim '07 at the Pizza Social; Richelle Fiore '04 reading her poetry at the English Department's Tea Party; Betsy Skrip '06, Meghan Skrip '07, & Dr. Cynthia Kraman smiling away at the Tea Party; Lacy-Ann Landell '06, Ruth Santiago '06, & Sarah Murray '07 discuss the academic year at the Pizza Social.



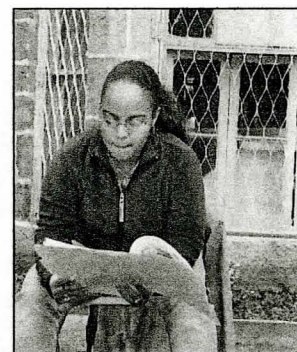
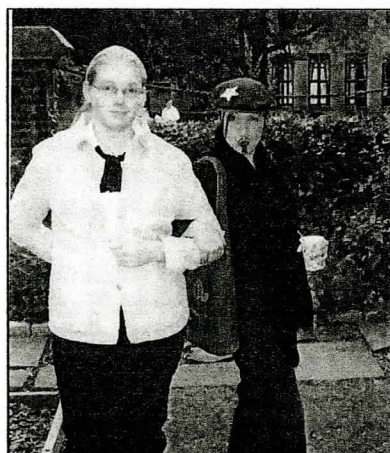
Photos: K. Tyranski



mores presented the Class of 2007 Orientation Guide. The Honors Holiday Celebration, Honors Board Elections, Class Requirements, Leadership Obligations, and of course, *Femmes d'Esprit* was discussed over pizza and soda.



As the academic year marches on, The Honors Program's students strive to be active participants on campus. Look for further updates on the whereabouts of Honors Students in the pages of *Femmes d'Esprit*.



Clockwise from top: Liza Hagey '07, Omega Dale '07, Sarah Worthington '07, & Dr. Amy Bass at the Pizza Social; Liza Hagey '07, Omega Dale '07, and Sarah Worthington '07 pose for a picture at the Pizza Social; Ruth Santiago '06 shares her poetry at the Tea Party; Sisters Meghan '07 and Betsy Skrip '06 at the Pizza Social; Samantha Young '05 and Maria Gonzalez '05 dress up for the Tea Party.

Photos: K. Tyranski



# ART AS TRADITION

Sarah H. Murray

Theatre is a form of art that has been around since the time of Ancient Greece. Throughout hundreds of years, the techniques and forms of theatre have changed significantly. However, theatre still remains one of the oldest and most important art forms in the Western world. There are several genres of theatre, each of which attract different kinds of people. The musical, for example, is one type of theatre that has attracted people for over one hundred years. Musicals themselves can change throughout the course of time, but many of the techniques needed to put on these enormous productions remain relatively the same.

For many involved in theatre, it is their passion. A production requires hours of practice and work in order to bring a script to life. The script has to be created or chosen, the set must be designed, the lighting design must be created, actors and actresses need be cast, the music and choreography must be taught and rehearsed, the technical and stage crews must be formed, and that is just so the show can be performed. There are many other time consuming tasks that must also be remembered, including ticket sales, publicity, finances, legal issues...the list goes on.

A centennial is very similar to the makings of a theatre production. The groundwork needs to be laid through the means of a founding, dedicated men and

women need to establish a framework for their founding, and traditions must be formed and flowed. CNR, like the theatre, has a long history that used passion as a main ingredient in its founding and survival.

For the last century, musical theatre has been produced in the United States, most notably in New York City. One of the most interesting aspects of musical theatre is that it is performed live, meaning not shown on TV, where there are as many retakes as the heart desires. Since theatre has existed, actors and actresses have made mistakes. Many times, the audience, who usually is unfamiliar with the production they are viewing, does not even notice mistakes that occur.

Live performance, at its heart, is when all those involved (actors, actresses, tech, and crew) give one hundred percent attention and energy to the performance in order to have a spectacular run. If one person decides not to work as hard, a cur-

tain may not rise on time, an actor could miss a vital cue, the lights may not cue correctly, or a number of other problems could happen. With lots of practice and dedicated work, musical productions, and other theatrical events go on and run without major crisis situations happening every scene.

The same is true of CNR. A dedicated faculty, staff, administrative, and student body is necessary for smooth sailing. CNR is a family and even if one member hurts, all the members hurt, but can heal together. We support each other and that is one of the many qualities that make CNR so unique.

One of the most rewarding things about participating in theatre is that you are participating in an art form that goes back hundreds of years. Theatre is a tradition, a long celebrated art form that honors the human spirit. Sure, in 2003 we have lighting and sound equipment that did not exist hundreds of years ago, but if you take away the lights and amplified sound, you still have wonderful theatre. It may not be glamorous like the musicals you see on Broadway, but it's still theatre plain and simple.

CNR is celebrating its 100 year birthday. Although it isn't as old a theatre, it is just as important to remember, celebrate, and honor—may the curtain rise for another splendid 100 years.

*"For many involved in  
theatre, it is their  
passion."*





## TRADITION :

# THE CALL TO ANCHOR AND RELEASE

Emily D. Williams

Tradition. A word at its face value that appears simple. A word that also conjures a myriad collection of different associations for different people. Immediately, when I think of tradition in relation to my own life, my mind is drawn to the context of family. In my family circle, traditions are associated with the way in which we come together to celebrate milestones and holidays in our lives, and the way in which we gather at the dinner table every evening to the way we conduct ourselves and react in the world. There is a certain degree of expectation, imbued from an appreciation of the past, that comes with tradition. Values are inherent to the construction and longevity of traditions. Without the presence of values, those principles and morals we hold as important in guiding each direction of our life experience, traditions would collapse.

Tradition is reliant upon the support and commitment of a structure that embraces it and carries it out time and time again. Tradition can be both comforting and irritating. On one hand, tradition is consoling, a persistent matriarchal figure of our existence, that gives us a sense of stability in her ritual. On the other hand, tradition can trap us, simultaneously confining us to a certain standard, or set of practices that limits us and may render us blind to the demands of changing times. How do we locate a place for traditions of the past in our lives, while readapting to the ever-changing world that surrounds us? Must traditions be altered to fit the times, or can they remain the same as their original form? These questions are case dependent and cannot be answered in one way.

Let us define the problematic term that calls us into question: The Webster's New World Dictionary lists,

**tra-dition** (tre dish en) *n.* [[ < L *tradere*, deliver ]] 1 the handing down orally of beliefs, customs, etc. from generation to generation 2 a story, belief, etc. handed down in this way

And beneath the root word follows two of its stem words, that are integral in the vernacular of

tradition. They read:

**tra-di'tional** *adj.* of, handed down by, or conforming to tradition

**tra-di'tion-al-ism'** *n.* adherence to tradition; sometimes, specif., excessive devotion to tradition – **traditionalist** *n.*

Tradition subsides, as is made clear from its dictionary definition, in the passing down of practices and values as they relate to particular celebrations and life experiences that are shared by all of humankind. The word tradition originates from the Latin *to deliver*, which signifies a sense of active participation and a transfer from one place to another. To deliver conveys a bringing from one place to another, whether it be from one shore to another, one's doorstep to another or from one generation to another. Tradition, in essence, is a succession of deliverances that are carried out by individuals and groups committed towards a purpose imbedded in a tradition that they feel must live on in the world.

Revisiting its duplicitous nature, tradition, despite its sense of beauty in continuity, can become excessive and confining in its potential failure to adapt to change. On one hand, the unwavering and repetitious offers us peace in a turbulent world that is changing every moment, that we cannot ever count on to remain as it is. We look to tradition to offer a permanent, stable rock from which we can anchor ourselves from rapidly shifting tides of our existence. The anchoring of one's self to a tradition, to a site of familiar ritual, is essential to the human condition. All people, regardless of class or creed, need a source of redeeming strength that remains permanent, or seemingly permanent at least, to endure and overcome the throttle and jolt of everyday life. This is undeniably true and not to be ashamed of. The conflict arises, once again, when one is unable to separate from and be independent of this anchor of tradition. The ideal state of the human condition is one that simultaneously anchors and departs intermittently, responding to the climate of life's particular moment in time.

*Continued on page 19*



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# BEFORE THE SPIN CYCLE

Christina Simpson

My roommate came back to me with a sorrowful demeanor. Her eyes looked as tired as her feet. But, even after she said her painful good-bye to the one man who lifted her spirits and made her believe there was something worth living for, she continued to wash her clothes, unleashing all her frustrations out on the washer as it was being choosy with her money. I sat in my corner, trying my best to console her. But what do you say to someone who is hurt when you've never been close enough to feel such emptiness? I've been dealt my blows in the past. But, I've never been close enough to know what it's like to say good-bye to someone I love so much.

The Centennial offers a new beginning. Sure, this is the typical term that makes the centennial feel like a proud moment as it welcomes new students to a different perspective on life. But the perspective becomes as definite and precise as the lines of a badly healed scar. And these very changes can only make that scar seem even more obvious, almost as if it has flourished once again  
o n p u r p o s e .

I've always felt like there was something wrong with a date holding your hand too much or wanting to cuddle you as if you were its missing piece. Commitment is the fertilizer for the roots of my independence. The word in itself connotes a sense of bravery and courage. I wore it like a shiny badge. 'Yes, I am woman! I can

conquer any man! Hear me roar!' Young girls are supposed to be taught this type of feeling. Women of this new and eloquent age should look within themselves for the motivation that drives their very passion. I still believe in this statement. I still believe that a woman can stand on her own without the help of a man. But, let's not confuse obedient assistance with romantic desire for they are both different.

When entering college, the lines between the two become blurred. All that was learned in high school becomes irrelevant to the four years a girl must contribute to her new home. These four years have nothing to do with academics but with emotions, a level-headed mentality, and one's self. If a young woman can maintain such traits then her performance after college can never be questioned. But, how difficult is it to keep all of these elements in harmonic balance? When you're a young woman branded by the gift of love, does this atmosphere, a playground for all sorts of experimentation, cause you to be blind sighted? Or, to fit my particular case, you're a woman who has lived most of her high school career with a bold outlook on life, lust, and an existential notion that leaves tomorrow nothing but a case of *deja-vu*. Does college hinder you to make any true connections with a possible  
s o u l m a t e ?

Although this is a girl's college, it would be extremely naive



to base reasoning on the lack of coeducation in this school. This is New York, people! Where there isn't a bar there is certainly a train ride to Manhattan. And, last time I checked, there were plenty of men strolling through the streets and bar rooms looking for a good time or even a discreet relationship. The absence of guardianship becomes a license to be whoever you want. The life you lived in your hometown is non-existent for here are more exciting opportunities waiting to be sought after and taken. To be clichéd, it's like being a kid in the candy store. No matter how delicious that cookie has been at home, you are truly tempted to grab the gummi bears in front of you. And, hell, for those of you without the cookies back in the cabinet, please, take as much as you want! You're young and you only live college once; so, for the sake of your mothers who hide their private sorority party days, please, live this college life (for some

*Continued on Page 19*



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# MOMENTS

Alana Ruptak

## *To the wisdom of Virginia Woolf and teachings of N.S.*

Within the everyday, we move throughout the trajectory of our life. Our life comprised of individual moments, each forging new intersections and alternate routes in our path. These moments present themselves as lifetimes and as fleeting instances; opportunities to truly live, truly experience, to delve into the substances of existence with all our senses and never desire to surface for air. But time ticks quickly and moments become minutes into hours into days into months into years and into forgotten eternities. And one day, a day like any other, we breathe and realize all that has passed. We are presented with the hands still rapidly circling through us and as the 59<sup>th</sup> becomes the 60<sup>th</sup> we find it necessary to stop.

It is these pauses that ground us, that force the past to recede and the future to abstain from beginning. We become engulfed by the present and we realize the moments we are existing in. These pauses serve as catalysts to provoke ones mind into reflection and ones spirit into anticipation. Call them pauses, call them celebrations, anniversaries, call them a time to breathe. They are necessary for without them, we would be in a continual pursuit forward, stumbling over our own feet and our own unknown ambitions.

When presented with a pause (as the author will call it) our mind is thrown into a state of contemplation of previous happenings. Dancing through our trails of thought, memories come into the forefront. Each individual step that we have taken is seen in detail, the footprints engraved. We realize why we are where we are when we are. However our mind is also actively gyrating in anticipation. Thankful to have been placed in a mood of stillness, the spirit beckons the mind to become hopeful of what lay ahead and to anticipate the happenings of the present.

If we wish to apply the above to our present, we must realize that we as students and the College as a whole are at one such pause. A pause in a lengthy line of years (supposing the last one was 25 years ago). We have been grounded within the 100<sup>th</sup> year of our college. But what does that mean?

As current people occupying the college as of this time, we are called to pause within our own lives and within the College's life. We must recognize our position, whether it is as student, staff, faculty or administration and see the lines of footprints behind us. Though it is hard to imagine, we are in the same position as the people of the past. And in another say 100 years there will be yet another group who stand looking back at the footprints we are leaving now. With one eye behind, we must let one look ahead, though never so far that it overlooks the here and now.

So breathe, please. Pause and experience fully the moment in which you find yourself.

Photo: <http://www.cnr.edu/cnr/aboutcnr-index.html>



# UNCERTAINTY

Samantha Young

If only she hadn't paused for that one moment. If only his footsteps had been louder. If only . . . if only.

The memory echoed eternally in her ears, though it had only been a few moments. She lay there broken like glass, reflecting nothing with perfect clarity. Her cell phone beeped dejectedly on the pavement with the rest of the remnants of her previous life. She saw her two children-Todd and Alex-smiling silently at her a few yards from her naturally pointed index finger. She began to reach for them, but sickness overtook her and she leaned over and lurched.

She awoke again to the rain. A crumpled ad for some stand up comedian had rested in the crook of her elbow. She had to stand up. She had to meet her husband. She had to meet her children. And once again, blackness.

Someone had moved her and she found herself propped against the tough brick wall of the ancient alley. Her sons had disappeared into oblivion along with her cell phone and her shoes. Her head was gripped by some wild fire that would not extinguish regardless of her rain-wet hair. The silence of the alley added to the surreal sense that this was all a dream, that she was not propped like a spineless doll against a cold fortress.

She slowly lifted her arm to gaze at her watch, but that too was missing. She gazed down at the rubble of herself and wondered if she would be able to walk. She had to get to her family; they would be worried. She cautiously moved her hands in front of her and, using the wall as a backbone, stood up. Suddenly she was pounded over the head and she fell fast from a fat raindrop off the roof.

Panic was setting in as she glanced around the alley. On one end was a holey wooden fence, whose crossed sections were overburdened with rusty nails. At the other end was the light of a lamppost and darkness beyond that so foreboding it nearly drove her mad. She did not know where she was. Her day had not started out in this section of town at all. She did not even know how she arrived there.

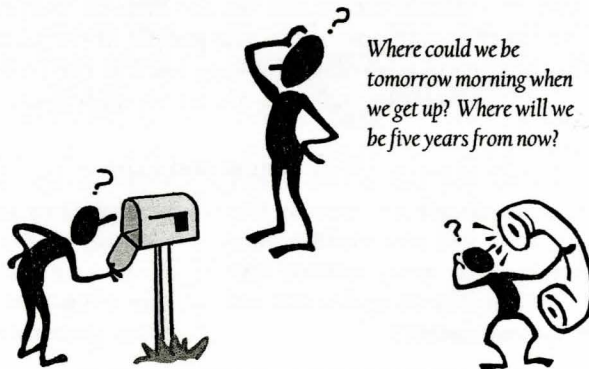
Regardless of fear, she crawled, pulling her sore body with her arms, toward the light at the end of the alley. As she inched along, the scene around her

seemed more familiar, although she didn't know why. That netted trashcan seemed moved, but she wasn't sure she had ever seen it before. The light in that window was on earlier, but when was earlier? Suddenly she remembered there was a store just around the corner. She didn't know how she knew it, but she had to get there somehow.

Just as she reached the corner, a young man walked by her, frowning. She looked up at him, pleading with her eyes but unable to say anything. He threw a coin and walked past brusquely, annoyed with her and pleased with his charity. She decided to try to stand again, propping herself against the newsstand on the corner. Hobbling, she walked a few feet before falling against the lamppost. A moment of composure and, once again, a wobbly break toward the store.

She pushed open the door with a sigh and collapsed on the floor in front of the glass counter. Although she wanted to see what was around her, her eyelids were too heavy and she saw only red reflections. She could hear a person yelling and several hands on her as she was lifted to a table in the back of the small store. She finally opened her eyes in the regained darkness and looked to see her son, Alex tearing off her jacket to survey the damage. He was frantically assuring her the ambulance had been called and she would be on her way home soon.

Her eyes flitted shut, and her son let out a breath he had been holding in forever. She smiled, so he knew she was okay, and allowed blackness to once again take hold of her.







# IN ALL OUR YEARS

Here comes the pomp and circumstance  
Here comes the procession's trance  
Let us cheer, let us cheer  
All we have found  
In this, our one hundredth year

I cheer the unspoken  
The worker with years on campus  
The under-appreciated surround us  
The secretary salary secondary  
The Powers with thoughts elementary  
So I cheer the rebellious

I cheer the instructor  
Who encourages us to see more  
More than dogma allows us to explore  
The one who tells us to be free  
And maybe, just maybe, I'm allowed to be me  
Cheer the thinker

I cheer the students  
Who are the only true tradition  
Those ripe with ambition  
Claiming freedom before submission  
We are still what we were before  
First the freedom to vote now freedom for more

Lets resist the pomp and circumstance  
Lets resist the suits and formal trance  
Here comes a student, book in hand  
A professor excited by the lesson plan  
This is what we truly are  
All that we should cheer  
In this, our one-hundredth year.

*Ruth Santiago*